

THE  
GENIUS OF CALEDONIA:

*A POEM*

ON THE  
THREATENED FRENCH INVASION.



EDINBURGH:

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PRINTED FOR J. SYMINGTON, BOOKSELLER,  
PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

1798.

1535

Read the 2<sup>d</sup> line as under,

\* The dews of May empear'd the plains

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Extract from a Work entitled  
"An Introduction to the History of Poetry  
in Scotland," by A. Campbell Esq. Edin<sup>1798</sup>

"In 1798 The Genius of Caledonia a poem on  
the threatened Invasion was printed at Edin<sup>for</sup>  
J. Symington Parliament Square

The Author of this Poem is said to be Mr. A.  
Malcolm of Arbroath. This young Gentleman's  
Elegy to the Memory of Burns (see  
Edin<sup>Mag.</sup> Oct. 1796) is by far the best  
that has appeared on the subject."

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Had Mr. Campbell ever seen Mr. Roscoe's  
beautiful & would say inimitable Elegy to  
the memory of Burns he would have  
bestowed his praise upon my performance  
A. Malcolm

'T WAS night, and all the air was still,  
\* No stormy blast howl'd o'er the plains,  
When in the hamlet by the hill  
I hail'd a band of chearful swains :

Their little glebes were plow'd and sown,  
Amidst the dear delights of peace ;  
Their cares with vernal winds were flown,  
And light-heel'd mirth bade labour cease.

The joys that bless'd their rustic bow'r,  
By young-ey'd hope expanded rose,  
And join'd to mark the festive hour,  
With sweets that lux'ry never knows :

For plenty spread her chearful store,  
Ev'n what their frugal fields supply'd ;  
A glow of health each visage wore,  
That is to kingly courts deny'd.

There saw I love's enraptur'd eye  
Glance wistfully where beauty smil'd ;  
While nuptial bliss sat silent by,  
And gaz'd upon her sportive child.

When lo ! to mar their honest joys,  
A spectre glided 'cross the floor ;  
A frantic wildness shook his voice,  
And still he turn'd and ey'd the door.

Though light of foot as any sprite  
That ever press'd the church-yard dew  
Each step he took he shrink with fright,  
And shudd'ring from his shadow flew.

His name was *Fear*——his beamless eyes  
 Aghast in blood-stain'd sockets roll'd ;  
 Half choak'd with dread convulsive sighs,  
 His tale terrific thus he told :

“ Oh ! see yon hostile fleet advance,  
 “ And soon they'll moor on Scotia's shore !  
 “ Oh horror !—carnage !—fire and France !  
 “ Dear Caledonia is no more !”

More had the shiv'ring spectre said,  
 But that his coward soul retir'd,  
 O'ercome, he sunk an empty shade,  
 In unsubstantial air expir'd.

While yet the start of wild surprize  
 Swift thro' each recreant bosom flew,  
 A sudden splendor in the skies  
 With dazzling brightness met their view :

Its flame refulgent seem'd to spread,  
 Where Grampian \* heath-clad heights are seen  
 Encircling round an awful shade,  
 Of warlike and majestic mein.

His brow bespoke that dauntless mind  
 Which stormy fate assails in vain ;  
 On which a laurel wreath was twin'd,  
 Reap'd fresh on Largs' † impurpled plain.

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\* The boundary of the Roman incursions into Scotland.

† The Norwegians having invaded Scotland with a fleet of 160 sail, landed 20,000 men ; and were totally defeated by Alexander, at Largs, with the loss of 16,000 troops.

Whoe'er has mark'd yon sanguine star,  
 That darts its red ray 'cross the sky,  
 Devoted to the god of war,  
 Has seen his fiercely flashing eye.

His mantle was the martial plaid,  
 Across his brawny shoulders ty'd ;  
 His arm a massy spear upstaid,  
 The bright steel glitter'd by his side.

His soul seem'd lab'ring big with ire,  
 An awful stillness reign'd around ;  
 When thus began the hoary sire,  
 (In stern, yet fervid, solemn sound.)

" Attend and hear, ye recreant race !  
 Descendents of illustrious sires !  
 Shall coward fears your nerves unbrace,  
 And quench your boasted warlike fires ?

" The sons of Caledonia's clime  
 Before their foes still scorn'd to fly ;  
 And since she mark'd the roll of time,  
 Her *Guardian Genius* still was I.

" From azure fields for ever fair,  
 Where Scotia's honour'd heroes rest,  
 I come, (for you are still their care)  
 Commission'd with their high behest ;

" Awake, my sons ! your desp'rate foes  
 Have sworn to ravage Albion's plains ;  
 And sure each breast, where Freedom glows,  
 Must swell and spurn their slavish chains.

“ Think how the haughty Cæsar’s host  
Before your fathers prostrate fell ;  
The shells he snatch’d from Britain’s coast,  
At Rome must all his triumphs tell.

“ Tho’ Pictish foes, with Danes ally’d,  
Like locusts pour’d their countless swarms ;  
In their best blood our steel was dy’d,  
And vict’ry crown’d our dauntless arms.

“ Not in the storied page alone,  
Is Scotia’s antient fame enroll’d,  
By many a “ high historic stone,”  
Her martial feats are fully told !

“ Let *Alberlemno’s* trophies tell,  
And *Forres* point their deathless name ;  
While *Cambus’* cross the list shall swell,  
That wakes the fervid patriot flame :

“ Is there a Scotian breast so cold—  
So heedless of the hallow’d scene,  
As can these monitors behold,  
And still that bosom beat serene ?

“ If such there are—hence, dastards ! fly ;—  
These vales are still to Freedom dear :  
Your ancestors, from yonder sky,  
Shall blush and wipe th’ indignant tear ?

“ Oft o’er the brown hill’s tow’ring head,  
In stormy Winter’s howling gales,  
The shades of your illustrious dead  
Are ranging o’er their native vales :

" They ride upon the sea-green wave,  
That dashes round their darling isle ;  
Unseen they hover round the brave,  
And bless them with benignant smile !

" Say, do your souls indignant swell,  
At haughty Gallia's 'vengeful boast ?  
And can you hear the *tocsin's* knell,  
Proclaiming carnage round your coast ?

" Shall British Freedom sink in night ?  
Can you renounce her smile divine ?  
Where Justice sat dispensing right,  
Can you behold the *Guillotine* ?

" Shall anarchy and discord wild  
Spread dire confusion o'er your land ?  
And can you see the sceptre mild  
Wrench'd from your Sov'reign's sacred hand ?

" Shall Virtue's beauteous blushing train,  
Whose smiles can savage fierceness charm,  
Be doom'd to drag a conq'ror's chain,  
Or sink beneath the spoiler's arm ?

" You cry, " detested be the thought !  
" Our hearts are firm, our hands prepar'd ;  
" That liberty our fathers bought,  
" Their sons shall never cease to guard :

" Beneath a haughty victor's chain  
" No Caledonian knee shall bend ;  
" And British Freedom's prosp'rous reign  
" To sons unborn shall be maintain'd."



" The gen'rous purpose we approve,  
 And join to fan the ardent flame ;  
 Be firm, and know; your Country's love  
 Shall fix your mem'ry fair in fame.

" Think on each high heroic deed *that*  
 Atchiev'd by those ~~that~~ with me shine,  
 And would you share the sacred meed ?  
 Be such undaunted firmness thine.

" When o'er Batavia's abject coast  
 Britannia thunder'd forth her ire,  
 Each Scotian shade with heart-felt boast,  
 Exulted in their DUNCAN's fire !

" Triumphant on the dashing main  
 The British Navy fearless rolls ;  
 And round her shores a martial train  
 With equal courage steel their souls.

" What tho' Bellona's ruthless form  
 O'ershades the land with blood-stain'd wings ;  
 'Tis he alone who braves the storm,  
 Deserves the calm that tempest brings.

" Adieu, my sons ! let concord bind  
 Your glowing breasts in sacred tye ;  
 And, with a firm determin'd mind,  
 For Britain conquer—or with Freedom die."

His awful form from earth arose,  
 To join the bright ethereal band :  
 Each bosom burn'd to meet their foes,  
 And swore to save their native land.